The Grail



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CALL SOME SOME SHOW SHOW SHOW

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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



ARIA Einsiedeln! Just arrived at this majestic, yet peaceful, shrine of grace. The first visit is to the Chapel of Our Lady, the so-called "Gnaden Kapelle." One holds his

breath in astonishment and awe when first he enters the vast Abbey Church, which is about 365 feet long and 130 feet wide. The whole church is interesting and invites to devotion;

but the little marble Chapel of Our Lady which stands in the middle aisle towards the front entrance, is the magnetic center toward which the pilgrims are drawn. All crave to be near or better still to enter this chapel; and how privileged they count themselves if they can receive Communion within the Chapel precincts.

One of the finest demonstrations of faith that I ever witnessed was spread before my eyes the first night I was in Einsiedeln. At 7:30 in the evening I heard church bells ringing. Big bells and little bells. I asked what it meant. A

pilgrim group was arriving. A priest and 855 faithful Christians, who had come by special train from Germany, were just streaming into the church as I took a choice position in the gallery over the entrance. Once all were in, they stood en masse in front of and on both sides of the "Gnaden Kapelle." The priest that acted as leader was admitted into the Chapel by a Father of the Abbey who was present to

welcome the pilgrims. Then the leader intoned a Blessed Virgin hymn. I wish you could have heard those 855 voices express the pilgrims' devotion to Mary. When they came to the words "O Mutter der Barmherzigkeit—O Mother of Mercy," it was impossible for me to hold back the tears that had been crowding forward. There, I thought, was an irresistible appeal! As I looked at Our Lady's Shrine and listened

to this ardently sung appeal, I knew that Mary would provide the proper results.

There was comfort in the realization that this same appeal is often made by both priests and lay folks in the Salve Regina used so often in the Divine Office and in the prayers after low Mass. There we cry to our Mother; "Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte!-Turn then most gracious Advocate thine eyes of mercy towards us." In future when saying this prayer, I want to think of Our Lady of Einsiedeln and that throng of

pilgrims with a devotion that inspired and moved to genuine prayer.

Yours most cordially,

Dynating Esser, O.B.

Abbot



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Shobab the Shepherd

Emma E. Tomlinson

A beautiful tale beginning on the first Christmas night in the plaine of Bethlehem, to end, after sin and pain, amid the company of the disciples.

HE youngest shepherd sat apart on the hillside and wept.

Now Shobab was very young, having in years counted but twelve at the Feast of the Trumpets, the first day of Tisri.

True it was, he had seen the heavenly light and heard the heavenly choir. Also, he had heard the message of the angel. But he had not gone down into Bethlehem for the rea-

son that the shepherds felt they must needs leave one with the sheep.

As he sat grieving in his loneliness, he bethought himself of his crook, and stooping, felt for it in the grass at his feet.

It was no longer there.

Frightened, he rose and looked anxiously for it on the floor of the moon-silvered pasture. And lo, after a little, he came upon Nathan's crook.

Doubtless Nathan, old and bent, in his

eagerness to obey the angel, and unknowingly picked up the ancient crook instead of his own, and carried it into Bethlehem.

Now the crook that Shobab mourned, had been given into his keeping by his elder brother, Reuben, at the Feast of the Trumpets. And when he received it, his pride had waxed great, for not only was it of strange and venerable workmanship, but it had been in the hands of their fathers' fathers even since the bondage in Babylon.

Therefore, Shobab feared greatly the wrath

of Reuben, as he sat waiting the return of the shepherds.

And when they were come, it was even as he had feared. In the hands of Nathan there was no crook. He had left it in Bethlehem.

So Shobab, the youngest, sat apart on the hillside and wept.

And Shobab became a wanderer, fleeing before the wrath of Reuben, his brother, on and ever on through Judea, hiring himself to chief shepherds, sometimes in fertile valleys, sometimes on rock-strewn hillsides, where through

> the lonely nights, starlit and stormy, he kept watch over the sheep.

But always he traveled north, until at last, after the passing of the years, he crossed the border into Samaria.

And being far from the land of his fathers, he became careless of the law of Jehovah and loved a woman of the Samaritans, who kept neither the law of God nor man.

She was exceeding fair to look upon, with hair like the wing of the raven and a voice

like the singing of the thrush in the almond groves. And Shobab, considering naught but her comeliness, loved her greatly, and became chief shepherd of her flocks.

Now it happened that at the sixth hour, in the heat of the day, Shobab followed the woman on her way to Jacob's well, his heart swelling in the pride of her beauty.

And suddenly as he watched, she paused, hesitating, and looking beyond her, he saw a man sitting on the well curb. Then, he saw her move slowly on, the sun striking swift



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sparks of fire from the bands of gold on her dark uplifted arms and from the golden girdle above her swaying hips. For as yet she had no need to walk more rigidly, the waterpot being empty.

Overcome by sudden jealousy at the sight of the man, Shobab drew back from the road into the shelter of a spreading tree, that he might watch them unseen, for he remembered the woman had had five husbands before that he had come to love

her.

Now when she reached the well, he heard the man speak to her, and his words reached him clearly through the stillness, for as yet none others had come to draw water. And the music of his voice held for Shobab the memory of all his yesterdays and the hopes and fears of all his tomorrows. And his fingers, gripping a slender branch of the tree, waxed cold as the snow that lay on Mount Hermon.

The man now turned where he sat on the well curb so that Shobab could see his face plainly in the golden glow. And seeing, he thought of

a pasture in far-away Judea and of shepherds, himself among them, making humble obeisance in the glory of a blinding light. And there came upon him a great joy and likewise a great fear, for it was as though the secret shame of his life were exposed to the searching of the sun. And Shobab shivered, yet leaned a little out of the shadow to listen to what might pass between them.

And the man said, "Give me to drink."

And he heard the voice of the woman-harsh, impudent.

"How dost thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink, who am a Samaritan woman? for the Jews do not communicate with the Samaritans."

And Shobab leaned still farther from his shelter that he might the better hear the man's answer.

"If thou didst know the gift of God, and who he is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou perhaps wouldst have asked of him, and he

> would have given thee living water."

Then, greatly to Shobab's shame, the woman, waxing the more impudent, reminded the man that he had nothing to draw with; that the well was deep, and whether inquired perchance he was greater than their father, Jacob, who gave well, himself drinking therefrom, also his children and his cattle.

And Shobab strained his ears that he might lose no word that fell from the lips of him who sat upon the well curb.

Strange words, gracious, clear as notes blown on a halil in the still of

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the evening, reached him. He told of living water which he would give, water that would forever quench man's thirst; water that would become within a well of water, springing into everlasting life.

Then the face of Shobab flamed with shame, for the man said, "Go, call thy husband, and come thither."

To which, she answering, said, "I have no husband."

Then said the man, "Thou hast well said, I have no husband; for thou hast had five hus-



bands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; this thou hast said truly."

And as he listened, Shobab's hands waxed like unto the rocks on the summit of Hermon, whereon the snows have lain many seasons.

Other words also the man spake as he sat there, and Shobab saw that the woman had set down the waterpot upon the curb and stood before him, her hands meekly clasped upon her breast.

Now his thought being upon her, he lost somewhat of their speech, but that which they last spoke, knocked upon the door of his understanding and found abiding place within.

For the woman said, "I know that the Messias cometh, who is called Christ; therefore when he is come, he will tell us all things."

To which the man made answer, in words that fell each upon the stillness of the noontide, as the measured beat of the Temple drum in Jerusalem, "I am he, who am speaking with thee."

Then Shobab fell upon his knees, his forehead to the earth, even as he had done those many years ago on the hillside of Judea.

And when he rose, he saw that the woman had lifted the waterpot and was hurrying back along the road that she had come. And as she drew nearer, he marvelled greatly at the peace which had fallen upon the wildness of her beauty. Seeing the which, he shrank still farther, lest even his shadow darken her way.

Then, despite his shame, for that he was beset by eagerness concerning all that he had seen and heard, Shobab came from his hiding place and took his way toward the well, where the man still sat on the curb, now talking with his disciples.

But of them all, he marked only the two who stood one on either side of the Master.

And often in the darkness of his later days, he thought of them and listened for their voices in the secret chambers of his memory and in the passing throng.

Now the one disciple was rugged, vigorous, yet already signed by age in the graying of his flowing beard. And his voice was even as his body. But the other was as slender as a young maid, and beardless, with hair the color of ripened barley. And his voice was even as his body.

And as Shobab came yet closer, he saw that

the Master though younger than the one and older than the other, was in a manner like unto each and yet unlike either. For there was about Him a kingly humility that set him apart from all men, yet drew all men unto Him.

Suddenly, Shobab felt the stillness that had fallen upon them that stood by the well, and looking up, he met the deep gaze of Him who had been sitting on the curb, but Who, having risen, now stood before him. And in the fathomless depths of His searching eyes, as in the music of His voice, all of his yesterdays stalked starkly in their nakedness, and the shadow shapes of all of his tomorrows moved slowly across the horizon of his thought as a distant caravan moving slowly across the face of the morning. And yet, with the rebuke was also pity, and a yearning such as Shobab had never seen in the eyes of any man before-no, nor in the eyes of any woman, however greatly she had said she loved him.

And though his heart quailed sorely within him as it answered the yearning in the eyes that looked into his, yet Shobab turned away.

And looking far beyond, he saw the woman whom he loved, and made as though to follow her, then stopped, and turning, looked once more toward the well.

And lo, the Master was now moving slowly away, and Shobab saw that one hand was raised as though He might perchance be teaching the youth who walked beside Him in the way. And when he saw this, a longing came upon Shobab that he too might walk with Him. Then, he saw that he whom they called Peter tarried, and stood shading his eyes as he looked back toward the well. But after a little, he too turned and followed on.

Then, overcome by shame of the past and fear of the future, Shobab sat down by the side of the road and buried his face on his folded arms. For greatly as he loved the woman, yet he greatly longed to follow in the way the Master trod. Therefore he wept secretly for the bitterness of the choice that had fallen upon him.

But when he lifted his head, the Master and His disciples were already gone from his sight.

It was not until the stars shone in the black canopy of the heavens that Shobab rose to go forth upon his journey. And looking not along

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Philosophy

Every man is a philosopher; each has his philosophy In all ages philosophy, the search for truth and wisdom, has absorbed the minds of men. People of today are no exception. Yet the sad fact is evident that many have gone astray in false philosophy. Father Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B., having made an extended course of studies in Rome, has received the de-grees of Doctor of Philosophy and of Theology. Hence we may trust him to be well equipped to tell us not only of true philosophy, but also of the false philosophies which at present are so much in vogue and are doing profound harm to people of all classes. The succeeding arfirst article is general in nature. ticles will deal with specific philosophies now being taught. The Editor.

THE purpose of this first article is to give a very general idea of philosophy; the following articles will also treat of philosophy, but as taught either by individual philosophers or by groups of them.

Philosophy is that which the philosopher seeks. The philosopher, however, seeks wisdom and truth. Hence philosophy is wisdom and truth. Since every rational being seeks wisdom and truth, every rational being is a philosopher.

There are two kinds of truth: the natural and supernatural. Supernatural truth is above our natural reason, and hence we cannot come to a knowledge of the existence of such truths except through revelation. Thus, for instance, we know that there are three persons in the Trinity only because God has told us so. Other truths are of the natural order. We can discover such truths through our own efforts, although sometimes only with the greatest of difficulty.

Philosophy deals with truths of the natural order. Every human science deals with truths of the natural order. Is there any difference then between philosophy and the other human sciences? There are two outstanding differences between them.

The first difference we find by examining the notion of science. Science is nothing else than a knowledge of things through their causes. The physical scientist, observing facts, asks himself, what is the cause of this? He experiments to find out the cause. The stone falls because it is heavy. Thus every time he sees a stone falling he knows the reason or cause. The child does not distinguish a falling stone from a

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

stone that is being hurled by someone, but simply observes the fact of a stone going through space. The child does not yet possess science and cannot give a reason or assign the cause of the phenomenon that it observes. A physician wants to find out the causes of death. At first he observes facts—he sees people dying. He observes carefully and finally discovers the reason or cause. Then he possesses science, i. e. a knowledge of death through its causes.

Thus we see how the scientist comes to a knowledge of things through their causes. But in this way he knows only the immediate or proximate cause and frequently only the efficient cause. Immediately new questions arise. If the stone falls because it is heavy, we ask next what is heaviness in itself and why did nature make things heavy? We want to know not only the efficient cause but also the nature of things and their final causes. The philosopher looks for the ultimate reason or causes of things. Hence one great difference between philosophy and the other natural sciences is that philosophy knows things through their ultimate causes, whilst the other natural sciences know things only through their proximate causes.

There is yet another difference between philosophy and the other natural sciences. The natural sciences proceed by way of experiment or observation of facts. From particular facts the physical scientist comes to some general The philosopher proceeds more conclusions. from the general to the particular. Indeed all science has for its basis or beginning, experience. The other natural sciences remain, as it were, immersed in experience, always experimenting, whilst philosophy goes on to things beyond experience to the nature and essences of things. We can compare the philosopher and the scientist to two men one of whom starts to view the country in an auto, the other in an aeroplane. The ground is necessary for both to begin, but the airman soon soars aloft and has an altogether broader view of the country

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You Can't Change People

Constance Edgerton

Woodruff to her next door neighbor, Mrs. Carney. "He is spoiled when his mother turns him loose for some innocent girl to worry over. There's my husband, Mike Woodruff. His work comes first—"

"A better provider never was," said Mary Carney, "and who could be kinder to a wife and children?"

"That's just it! He's too kind—so kind he's slack. And is he ever home? And—"

"He is always working, Maggie," soothed her neighbor.

Unheeding Maggie went on: "The night of our silver wedding he did not come home—"

"Every guest knew a big story broke that night," said Mrs. Carney.

"That's it. His paper first. His family second."

She took the daffodil cake from the oven, set it on the table and went on: "Many a time he phoned me to send one of the girls down to the office with a clean shirt. That is the way Doreen was ruined, going down to him with clean clothes."

"Maggie, how can you be so silly about Doreen? She is a capable girl, and if she chose to be a reporter, like her father, wouldn't you expect it?"

"No," sighed Maggie. "If your daughter was running through Chicago with the ambulance, with the police, with a crowd of newspapermen, what would you do?"

"Thank God I had a girl who could do it," said Mary.

"If I had not sent her down to Mike with the clean socks and shirts she would not have seen the inside of a newspaper office and she'd be a file clerk today. Mike worked longer hours when the children were small. I never could depend on him. He'd say he'd be home and wouldn't come. Many a wake I went to alone, and ashamed not to have my husband with me."

"You must pray more, Maggie Woodruff, and ask for a thankful heart. You have the best

children, the best husband, and a beautiful home."

"I've always been alone and lonely-"

"Your married daughters come to see you every day. You are spiritually lonely. Pray more," said Mary.

"I think of Doreen running to fires-"

Mary went home. She had known Maggie thirty years and loved her and she also knew when Maggie took a spell of pitying herself nothing could be done with her.

Mike Woodruff was in the Finger Print Department, designated as B of I, talking to Lieutenant Paul Fallon. Outside the snow was swirling dizzily as it fell. Chicago was in the midst of a Christmas gale. Holly wreaths were everywhere.

"The kid is not a criminal," said Paul. "She wanted to get her picture in the paper, figuring she could make Hollywood that way."

"They don't know anything down at the desk," said Mike, "except that she is supposed to have stolen five horses, rode one and led four; was thrown and broke her ribs. She is home with her mother. No one gets in but the doctor. Reporters are draped all over the yard and porch."

"Dirty work," said Paul.

"If I were the mother I would scald the reporters," said Mike. "Augustus Bonn, the party she took the horses from, is in Florida. Expected home on every train. His stableman says the girl hasn't a chance."

He filled his pipe, lighted it, took a few puffs and said: "Paul, many a secret I kept from my paper, to protect some one."

"I know you did, Mike. If you were on this-"

"Lord forbid! Give me nice, clean shootings, bank robberies, arson. Keep me away from women and girls."

"But if you were on this case?"

"I would smuggle her out of her house, give her twenty dollars, and send her to my sister Mame up at Lake Geneva," said Mike.

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Doreen Woodruff was in conference with Challis Maring, the editor. "You go out to Lake Forest," he told her, "and get some tearful phrases about Angeline, the horse thief. It is too near Christmas for us to get stale. This little girl with the Hollywood complex will save us."

"That is all it is: Hollywood compex! Why write her up? Her life will be spoiled. Fifteen years from now, at school, some one will tell her children she was a horse thief. Children are cruel—"

"Aren't you the little missionary? Ever think of carrying the Word to Australian bushmen? You get out to Lake Forest. Enter the house if you have to break a window! Bring back Angeline's picture, and her mother's picture; a picture of the house and several pictures of the horses, and then: Write softly, crooningly, so every woman in ten states will cry over horses. Implant love for dumb brutes in every word you write! Have those horses cold, lonesome, hungry, heart-broken—"

"How can I get in the house? All the reporters know me."

"Take the milk in."

"It can't be done."

"You can do it. You know you can."

Christmas just around the corner. A Child in a bed of straw. A Mother Who never saw a newspaper and depended on Joseph for everything.... The Crib in St. Ambrose Church.... The Babe with outstretched arms.

These were Doreen's thoughts as she went home to change into heavier clothes and tell her mother where she was going. She stopped in church for a few minutes and asked the Lady Who had no newspapers in Her house to guide her about Angeline.

Her mother insisted she eat a bowl of soup and said: "If you and your father are away from home tonight, Christmas Eve"

"Mother, our work-"

"Your work! A story breaks. You and your father rush out like mad—"

"Mother, the whine of the ambulance, the fire siren, the report of a pistol mean to Dad what your children mean to you—"

"If I thought Mike was trying to get rid of me—"

This attack was too base for Doreen to answer. Dear old Dad who went to daily Mass and wore his "patsy" (police badge) pinned to a pocket in which was a badge of the Sacred Heart.

"I am going out to Lake Forest-"

"I hope you have no luck. Your newspaper is yellow. It made a slave of Mike and now it has you. I suppose some poor boy took a sup too much and burned a barn down—not meaning to. Now you have to tell the world his reactions. Make a tramp out of him! That is what interviews do."

"I do not want luck," said Doreen. "I want the Lord to guide me. It is a touchy case."

"God lead you, Doreen darling. I will sit here and say the rosary for you. Telephone me for I will be worried, and whenever you come home the candle will be in the window and your supper will be waiting," said Mrs. Woodruff.

Doreen stepped into a northbound train. Her mind was chaos. It was her first assignment outside the city, her first "sob" and she was uncertain how to proceed.

Would she go to Angeline's door and ring the bell? Wait interminably for an answer? Dad could do that. He had a habit of mounting inhospitable porches, ringing inhospitable doorbells and asking personal questions, such as: "Did you know we found your car loaded with liquor?"

These chores—climbing steps—had not been to Dad's liking. Now, police reporter—ah, that was a job for a man. Sit at Headquarters and telephone to the re-write men!

The train eased into Lake Forest Station. Doreen walked out with bundle-laden passengers. The reporters saw her. "Here is Doreen, the girl who works miracles," said Bartley Fanning of the *Star*, a rank rival. "Let me stay with you, Doreen. You need a protector. I appoint myself."

"Good," she smiled at him. "Will you call a cab for me and take me to Dr. John McCloon's office. I think my finger is broken."

"McCloon? He is Angeline's doctor!"

"Is he?" she asked innocently.

"She asks: 'Is he?' My child, where have you been these two drear days?"

He called a cab, bundled her in and—not trusting her—sat beside her.

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"Did Challis rehearse you?"

"To break my finger, Bart?"

He longed to smite her with fist and club in good Cro-Magnon fashion. Tantalizing him with a mask of dumbness. If she'd only be a good sport, tell what she knew, let them all beat it to their papers, and get home for supper on Christmas Eve....

Bartley was sentimental. Christmas was a holy, loving time with him. He had an old mother up near Libertyville and he never missed a Christmas Eve with her. His married sisters and brothers, their children would be there.... And this girl could send him home happy if she cared to.

"Are you going to tell me a secret, Doreen?"

"My mother says—"

"I can't listen to it-"

They were at the doctor's office. "I am going right in with you," he said.

"Thank you. You can help him give me ether."

"But Doreen! I though you were shamming."
Four women sat along the wall. The clerk
came in and Doreen said, holding up her hand:
"First aid."

"Come right in," said the clerk and ushered her into the inner room.

John McCloon had been an ambulance doctor in Chicago when Doreen began her life's work on the Mail. "I am not hurt, Jack," she said. "I knew you were Angeline Mossiter's doctor and I want you to make believe I'm her nurse—"

"Oh, yes?" asked Dr. McCloon.

She talked fast for she felt Christmassy. She wanted to get Angeline and her mother away. Would Jack take them up to his mother in Wilmot? She would don a uniform, visit Bonn and plead for Angeline.

He was willing to listen.

"Jack, this is so mixed up. No one knows what happened. Bonn is away—"

"He is home now," said McCloon. "And he loves horses."

"Were his horses stolen?"

"Wait until it breaks. It is going to be juicy."

"It is not going to break. I am changing into this uniform." She stepped into the dressing room and soon came out looking professional enough to suit the doctor. "Now I must use

the typewriter. Will you bring it in, Jack?"

He did and she pounded away furiously for a minute, then: "The key to your car, Jack, and direct me to Augustus Bonn's house. I will use the rear entrance out and keep the bright young man who came with me amused."

A maid opened the Bonn door to her. A huge Christmas tree was in the main hall. Yes, Mr. Bonn was home. Step in. She returned to say Mr. Bonn would not see her. "Tell him I will wait."

The maid disappeared and returned to say Mr. Bonn would see her.

Mr. Bonn was inclined to be haughty. "I am Angeline Mossiter's nurse. She will die if you press your silly charge against her. She did not steal your horses. You know she was only riding them, after they got into her yard—"

"How did they get there?"

"Tomorrow is Christmas," said Doreen, "and you do so much charity. Am I asking too much when I beg you to forgive Angeline?"

"Nurse, you got a nerve!"

"And you are kind to animals. You appreciate little Angeline's taking the wandering horses in—"

"Is she little?"

"And wan. Her father is dead. They are poor. What a Christmas!"

"I am not pressing charges," said the big man. "One of my grooms talked to a newspaperman—a lunkhead who made a big story of it!"

"Newspapermen are that way, sir."

He pressed a fifty dollar bill into her hand and said: "Give this to little Angeline for Christmas from me."

"You are so kind. Will you give me a statement so I can read it to the newspapermen around her house?"

"Must I write it?"

"It is written. Sign it."

"When I am sick I want you to nurse me," he said as he took the typewritten sheet. He read: "My horses were not stolen. Augustus Bonn."

He signed it and returned it to her. She rose and together they walked to the door.

"You are a smart girl—and a pretty one," he said, and she wished her mother could see

(Turn to page 238)

The Voyage of the "Pax"

Sr. M. Theresa, O. S. B.

(Continued)

At first the stranger bade the lads to cleanse Their hands and their bare feet, because the Food Whereof they were to eat was sacred and Was such as might be given only to The clean of heart. I next beheld the guide Before a table which methought did have The appearance of an altar, snowy-decked, For sacrifice. Upon it lay white bread, And wine in golden vessels. Before it stood The stranger, and the children knelt around. The grace before the meal was long, and full Of mystic beauty. As the stranger raised His hand to bless, the dark clouds gathered low, Began to scatter and to part in twain. And from the cleft there streamed forth rays of light So dazzling, bright, it seemed to me, the sun Had never shone so clear before. And as The rays beat down upon the table white. My eyes could scarce behold the glory, yet Methought that I discerned a snow-white Dove, Above the bread and wine; but when I looked Again, It had already flown; I saw The stranger and his little flock in awe With heads bowed low, and kneeling, while I heard Unearthly strains of music, rapturous, sweet, As if the unseen choirs from Heaven above Had gathered there in jubilee. And then The stranger rose, and holding in his hand The golden dish, he laid upon the lips Of each a round, white loaf, as pure and light As snowy flakes; methought that on each loaf I saw impressed the likeness of a lamb. But when he came unto Callixtus' side, The boy shrank back aghast, and struck his breast, While loud he sighed, "O Lord, I am not fit To eat of Thee." The stranger, smiling bade Him have no fear, for more than all the rest He needed strengthening food. And then each drank From out the golden chalice and I saw With wonder, that from his slight meal, each rose Refreshed, with strength renewed, so that I knew That this could not be common food and drink.

Then gathering round the stranger, loud they sang A joyful hymn of praise unto the King, Who filled them with good things, and evermore And always mercy shows. And then it seemed The hymn of thanks was echoed from the boats Of the flotilla, proving that on them The same great mystic meal had been vouchsafed Unto the mariners.

And now I saw
The stranger bade his children sit about
While he gave further points for voyaging.

A fair and touching sight it was, to see The boys with their young eager faces still Lit up with traces of celestial light, Fixed on the reverend guide, as round they sat On deck, or leaned against the bulwarks of The vessel, PAX. "My sons," he fondly said, "One part of our voyage, thanks to God, Behind us lies. A quarter of our long And dangerous journey has been safely crossed. Now know the hardest part remains. For up Till now we've calmly sailed; but now the storm Is gathering overhead, and we must sail Away from off the sheltering shore, into The pathless deep. The waves of ocean fierce, The currents strong, must be encountered now. And woe befalls the hapless mariner Who tumbles overboard. For in this sea Dwell fierce sea-monsters, ever eager to Devour all they find. Yet ye are safe As long as ye obey my voice, and toil Hard at the oars. The labor, true, is great, But the reward of Him, Whom now we serve, Is greater still by far. There may be some Among you of faint-heart, who fear to sail Out further in the deep. There yet is time To seek another boat. The king's great ship, PRAECEPTA DEI lies but furlongs few Away. In her ye will be safe, and less By far will be your toil. This pilot-boat Doth need a crew of souls courageous, who Look ever to the crown eternal which Awaits them in the Golden City. For Not all who sail and persevere on board But only you and those like you, who man The pilot-vessels of the Prince, will sit At His right side, and be His chosen friends And dear attendants there. Then choose to-day While yet some time remains. What will ye, take The harder lot and gain thereby a prize More rich, or be content if ye but sail And safely enter at the port of rest?"

He paused and looked upon the faces bright, With sweet, inquiring smile. Then Agathos, The first to break the stillness, made reply, "I long, good father, but to do the will Of our good Prince. Since He has chosen me To fill this post of honor, I shall be Quite glad to suffer all its toil. Fain would I numbered be among the sons of him, The blessed One, who first did build and man This gallant ship."

The little Theodore, While holding tight his brother's hand, cried out, "And I will go with Agathos." Then all,
Nay, all but two, made similar response.
These two sat still with downcast eyes, and seemed
Ashamed and quite unwilling then to speak.

"Theophilus," the stranger asked, "what is There hid within thy heart?"

The youth replied, With hanging head and bashful mien, "I am Not strong enough to live the life on board The PAX. 'Tis far too hard. If thou refuse Me not, I shall prefer to seek out now PRAECEPTA DEI, which will take me safe To port."

"Tis well, my son, and what wilt thou, Callixtus?" asked the stranger, bending kind And smiling over him.

The boy looked up His cheek afire, his eyes a-glistening. Then He softly whispered, "Father, dear, I am Not worthy."

"Nay, dear son, hath not the One Called 'Blessed' said, 'The mercy of the Lord Must never be despaired of'?"

"But I am
Not worthy to be here with these the Prince
Hath called to lead their fellowmen. How can
I set a good example to the rest
Who am more vile, more wretched than them all?"

"Callixtus, thou hast learnt the lesson that Thy fall was meant to teach to thee. For now More fit art thou since thou hast learnt to tread Degree the seventh, of the ladder called, "The way of true humility." Thou fain Would'st serve the Prince, and be forever near To Him?"

"This is, good guide, my heart's sole wish."

"Then fear thou not for He hath chosen thee." Callixtus then looked up, full of a joy And confidence which lit up his whole face, And beamed from out his eyes. "Behold," he said "I'm here. According to thy word, let it Be done to me."

And now a signal to
The transport of the King was made, and soon
A boat put out to fetch Theophilus.
His comrades grieved to part with him, for he
Was gentle, and a lad beloved by all.
But when they pressed him to remain with them
He sadly shook his head. "Indeed, I dare
Not stay," he said, "it is too high a lot
For me." And so he hurried out of sight.

Spots on the face or the hands do not hinder a person from receiving Holy Communion, but grievous stains on the soul are an impediment to worthy reception.



The Nun's Christmas Lay

A. K., O. S. B.

O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy lowliness my heart doth win:
That I a child of God might be,
A child of man Thou art for me.
Refrain: O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy lowliness my heart doth win.

O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy poverty my heart doth win:
Though earth and heaven be Thy own,
Thou choosest cave and crib as throne.
O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy poverty my heart doth win.

O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy purity my heart doth win:
Two lilies guard Thee tenderly—
Saint Mary, Joseph, smile on Thee.
O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy purity my heart doth win.

O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy ready will my heart doth win:
Though cross Thy lot as Savior be,
Thy Father's will is law to Thee.
O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy ready will my heart doth win.

O Babe divine, deur Jesukin,
Thy love to me my heart doth win:
Thou stoopst so low to raise me high,
That I as spouse might please Thine eye.
O Babe divine, dear Jesukin,
Thy love to me my heart doth win.



You Can't Change People

(Continued from page 235)

him when he said it, so simpering and yet sincere.

Dr. McCloon was waiting in his office for her. They drove westward, into a less pretentious residence zone, yet good homes. They stopped at a large, rambling house. The yard was full of newspapermen—reporters and cameramen. She saw Bartley Fanning. "Gave me the runaround," he said cheerfully.

"Doc, tell us something," begged Maje Butters, of the *Star*. "I been here two days. Look at my whiskers. I haven't had a thing to eat but sandwiches. My wife will raise the roof when I get home."

They were inside. It was a nice, homey place. They went upstairs. The girl and her mother were in a large, cheery bedroom. A fire burned on the hearth. A wreath of holly hung over a picture of the Holy Family.

The girl on the bed was beautiful. So was the woman sitting on the downy sofa. Doreen sat beside her and said: "What have you to tell me?"

"I am to blame," said Mrs. Mossiter. "I arranged it. It looked like publicity. I thought Angeline could get into the movies."

"I thought so," said Doreen, "and Angeline's ribs are not broken. You phoned that to different persons?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mossiter. "I wish I hadn't."

Doreen thought of Challis Maring and then she thought of her mother. She said: "Here is fifty dollars Mr. Bonn sent to you for Christmas. Dr. McCloon is taking you up to Wilmot to his mother. Get up Angeline, and pack."

Angeline did, with alacrity. Her mother went into another room to get some clothes.

Doreen stepped to a front window and called: "If I make coffee and allow you to come in and drink it, will you be polite and not snoop around?"

They vowed they would.

"Assemble on the front porch and in five minutes I will open the door," she said.

Doctor McCloon came down the rear stairs with the two women, went out the back door and got into his car. Doreen opened the front dor and the men tramped in. The roar of the motor behind the house went unnoticed.

They stood around drinking coffee. It thawed them out. Doreen said: "There is no one here."

What new angle was this? Bartley looked at her and thought her a very repugnant girl—full of tricks.

She handed them Mr. Bonn's statement. They read it and passed it around. She asked: "May I ride home with you, Bart?"

She could. But he did not trust her. Knew she had a story and he'd get it if he had to choke it out of her. If she went to her office—But she did not. Got out at her home. Asked him to come in.

"No, I cannot," he said. "I will go to the office and then home. Merry Christmas."

Dusk was falling. A candle threw its yellow rays from the living room window. Her parents were in the kitchen. Her mother greeted her with: "It is the first Christmas Eve your father spent at home and we've been married thirty years."

Her father asked: "Did you get a story?"

"No, Dad. The house is empty. Evidently the girl and her mother are Christmassing with friends somewhere."

"I am wondering if you had anything to do with their trip," said Mike.

"How you talk! I did go to Mr. Bonn and ask him to sign a statement his horses were not stolen—"

"And talked so sad that he gave you money for them?"

"That's the Christmas spirit!" applauded her mother. "No story and both of you home for supper! It never happened in this house before!"

Until the twelfth century Holy Communion was given to infants immediately after Baptism, since baptized infants can receive an increase of grace by partaking of the Body of Christ.

When Christ built the Church, the devil did not sit idly by and look on. The heresies of the early centuries—machinations of Satan—were instrumental in calling forth the declarations and authoritative definitions of the Popes which go to make up the grand edifice of the Catholic Church, her dogma.

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Shobab the Shepherd

(Continued from page 231)

the way the woman had taken, nor yet to where the Master traveled, he turned north upon the road that wandered on beyond the borders of Galilee.

Now after that he had come the long hard way unto Galilee, he served a cruel master, who cared little for his sheep or his shepherds.

And often in the stillness of the evening, the heart of Shobab yearned for the sight of the woman of Samaria and the sound of her voice. Yet, always with the yearning for her, came the memory of Him whose eyes had drawn his feet from the road that journeyed unto Sychar. But with the memory came no bitterness; only the regret that his feet had not followed the feet of the Master.

Uncared for, ill-clad and hungry, sick and sad, he wandered many days and many nights through the Galilean pastures, tending the sheep.

Then darkness began slowly to wrap its mantel about him. The light of his eyes dimmed and died, and the chief shepherd, with curses on his lips, drove him away, a beggar, ever traveling north, through Galilee.

And at the same hour that the darkness fell full upon him, darkness fell likewise upon Another, hanging upon a cross set high on a lonely hill just outside the walls of Jerusalem.

But nothing of this reached the ears of Shobab, who sat in darkness and rags beside the road.

Many days he shuffled on the weary way; many nights he slept at the edge of strange pastures, for that he was comforted in the nearness of the sheep.

But always he traveled north, until he came at last to the city called Nazareth.

Now it came to pass, that one day as he sat by the well, he heard men's voices and the sound of a staff set sturdily here and there upon the sunbaked earth. And the voice of him who struck his staff uopn the ground sounded familiar in the ears of Shobab.

"Behold," said the voice, "Our brother, who sits in darkness beside the well!"

"John, dost thou not remember that day long since, in Samaria, when the master sat beside the well and talked to a woman of the Samaritans?"

Then Shobab, leaning forward, cried silently in his torture, for that he could not tear away the veil of blackness that covered the men.

And the voice of the man called John answered softly,

"Well do I remember, Peter, even as though it were but yesterday. For, at that well also was a man sadly in need of the Master's touch. Dost thou remember, Peter, the long look that passed between them, and how that despite his stricken countenance, the man turned away, and how it saddened thee to see him go? I can see thee now, tarrying on the road to look after him."

And Shobab's heart beat wildly in the hope of hearing that other voice he longed to hear—the voice of the Master.

Perhaps, if he asked them, these men would tell him where he might find Him. Perhaps, for they were kindly of speech, they would even lead him there. So hoping, he rose, and feeling the ground with his stick, moved slowly toward them, calling loudly as he went.

"Behold! Verily, I am that man, even I, the blind beggar, Shobab, who turned away from the Master at the well in Samaria. Yet ever since that hour, His eyes have sought and found me, through the sunlight and the shadow. For the which, I know past any doubting, the truth of that which He spake unto the woman of Samaria—that He is none other than the Messias, who was promised aforetime unto the sons of Abraham.

"I pray thee, therefore, tell me where I may find Him, or in pity, lead me to Him, that I may find peace."

Then, out of the silence that had fallen upon the men, he heard the voice of the one called John.

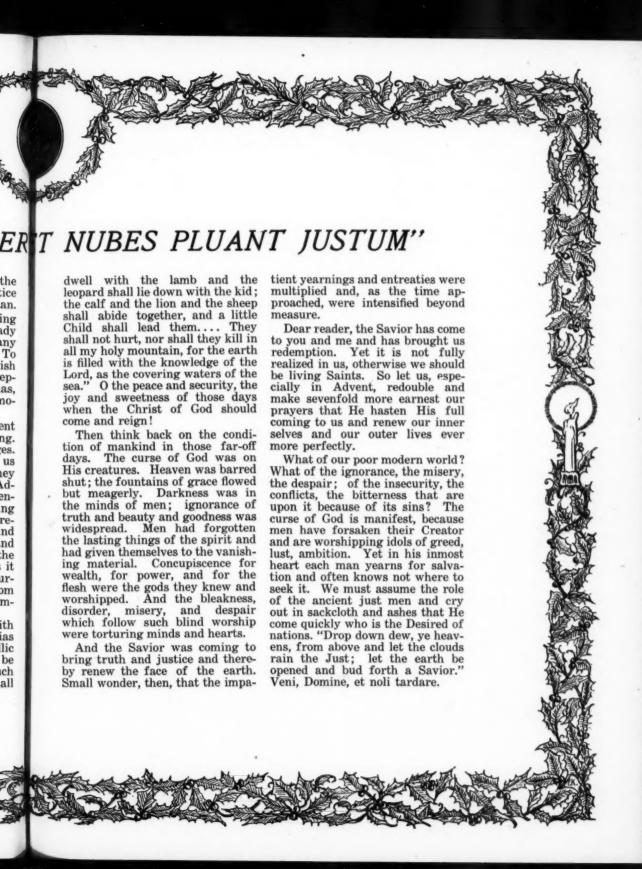
"Verily, Peter, our brother hath been well named Shobab, for he hath been restored."

And as he yet spake, Shobab felt two hands laid heavily upon his temples, and raising his face in the darkness, he heard the voice of him whom they called Peter.

"Oh, Lord Jesus, Son of the living God, for that thou didst promise, that our faith being as a mustard seed, nothing would be impossible unto us, I pray thee, therefore, quicken in me,

(Turn to page 248)





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Query Corner

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special an-

swers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

TO OUR READERS: GREETINGS!

May the peace and joy of the Christ Child be yours during the Christmas season and throughout the coming Year.

Who condemns the objectionable motion pictures which are placed on the black list, the Church as such or a group of censors?

Your question might be restated as two. Who condemns objectionable motion pictures? Who draws up the black list? God Himself condemns all motion pictures which are a perversion of the moral order or an occasion of sin, by the same law which condemns bad books, dangerous persons or places, in fact, whatever leads to sin. As the guardian of the moral law the Church is outspoken in her condemnation of immoral movies. But the Church does not condemn individual pictures by name. The lists of unapproved pictures published in Catholic papers are drawn up by groups of well-informed and prudent persons who are either appointed or approved by their Bishop. These lists are not a formal condemnation, but rather a means of informing and warning Catholics and all in sympathy with the Legion of Decency concerning pictures which are already condemned by the law of God.

What is the heroic Art? Should we make it? We must say certain prayers for our Sisters when they die; we make up spiritual bouquets at times. How does all this work together?

What is the Heroic Act? It is an act of charity by which one offers to God for the Poor Souls in Purgatory all one's satisfactory works during life and all the suffrages one may receive after death. By the Heroic Act one gives up only the satisfactory value of his prayers and good works. The prayer of petition still remains at his disposal. Therefore petitions for others, whether living or dead, do not conflict with the Heroic Act. Should we make the Heroic Act? Certainly the satisfactory of the satisfactory value of his prayer of petition of the satisfactory of the tainly there is no obligation. But the charity of Christ urges us, charity to the heroic degree of renouncing all works of satisfaction and suffrages in favor of others. The Church has given encouragement to the Heroic Act by enriching it with abundant indulgences, chief among which is a plenary indulgence which may be gained for the Poor Souls every time one receives Holy Communion worthily, or in case of a priest, offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. (personal privilege of a privileged altar)

What does the word "Gospel" mean?

Literally, "Gospel" means "God's story" or "Good story." In Christian usage "Gospel" denotes the doc-trines of Jesus Christ in general, or more especially the record of Christ's life and teaching written by the four Evangelists.

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert. O. S. B.

Does not the fact that what is harmful for one man is harmless for another prove that there is a different norm of morality for each person?

No. The norm of morality is the same for all men. Ultimately it is the eternal law of God; in individual actions it is human reason or conscience acting in accordance with this divine law. The moral law does not differ in individuals; but virtue and vice, moral strength and weakness, temperament and education do differ in all persons. That is why certain things may be morally dangerous for some persons and not for others. But here it should be remembered that moral strength is due to the grace of God rather than to natural powers. Needlessly exposing oneself to the danger of sin is mockery of God—and "God will not be mocked."

At the world's Fair in Chicago I saw a picture of St Patrick. Near it was a paper telling us that St. Patrick was no Irishman, no Bishop and no Catholic. \$1,000 to any one who can prove that he was. What do you say?

This sounds like a World Fair version of Ripley's "Believe it or not" published some time ago: St. Patrick was not an Irishman, not a Catholic, and not a Saint. St. Patrick was not a native of Ireland. So we can't claim the \$1000. Neither is he a canonized Saint: he was declared a Saint by popular veneration, not by the process of canonization which was intro-duced only later on. But that St. Patrick was a Catholic and a Bishop there is no doubt, no matter what equivocal terms curiosity exploiters may choose to substitute for Catholic and Bishop.

I have heard the expression "the liturgical movement" quite often of late. Please explain.

In recent years a widespread effort is being made to bring about a more active and complete participation of all Catholics in the public worship and the life of the Church—the liturgy. This effort has frequently been designated as the "liturgical movement." In conbeen designated as the "liturgical movement." In contradistinction to individualism in religious worship, the liturgy unites all members of the Church into one body under the headship of Jesus Christ, which continues the prayer, sacrifice, and divine life of Christ on earth. Since the liturgy was appreciated and lived to its fullest extent by the early Christians, it is the aim of the liturgical movement to return to the spirit of the first centuries of Christianity.

Why are miracles not so apparent today as in the early days of the Church? Is our faith weaker? Would not miracles strengthen the faith of those who would see them?

Miracles are just as apparent today as they were centuries ago. Lourdes is only one example. But they are not so numerous. Why? That depends entirely on God. In the first centuries God used miracles as a means of spreading the true religion throughout the pagan world. Although there are many people outside the Church today. God here provided other recent for pagan world. Although there are many people outside the Church today, God has provided other means for finding the true religion. Faith may be less strong today than in the early Church; but that does not account for the decrease in miracles. Nor would the sight of miracles necessarily strengthen the faith of witnesses. Christ in fact calls those more blessed who believe even though they do not see with their bodily eves. al

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Broadcasts from our Indian Missions

ANNOUNCER - Clare Hampton

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

The Congress of the Sioux Indians was held in July at St. Michael's Mission, on the Devil's Lake Reservation of North Dakota; it marked the fiftieth anniversary of the institution of Indian congresses. Originally these congresses were attended by the Sioux Indians of all the Northwestern states, but in recent years, territorial divisions were made and each district holds its own congress. This year the Sioux of North Dakota and Montana assembled at the Mission of St. Michael. The congress was under the supervision of Father Ambrose, and, due to his careful planning, was a marked success. It is in the nature of a mission or retreat. The central theme of the sermons was "Home Life," discussing the sanctity of marriage, evils of divorce, temperance, child education, honesty and personal integrity.

Outstanding Indian spokesmen also made speeches to their people, exhorting them to stand by the principles discussed. The young people had separate meetings. Many Other well-known Sioux missionaries took part in the religious services and meetings; they began each day with a Solemn High Mass and closed in the evening with Solemn Benediction. Special tribute was paid to Father Ambrose, in recognition of his 45 years' services among the Indians. The latter presented him with a purse, an Indian costume, and a spiritual gift of a Holy Communion by every Indian man, woman and child attending the congress.

Brother Giles, who has been at St. Michael since 1876, has returned to the Abbey at St. Meinrad because of the infirmities of advancing years. Brother Felix comes to take his place.

ST. ANN'S-BELCOURT

Baptisms are almost a daily occurrence in the Turtle Mountains; the harvest is ripe, and the missionaries are working hard to keep pace with their many labors. There are about two or three sick calls a week; often

these are several miles distant from the Mission. Often the Fathers go as far as they can in their car, and then must transfer to a sled to finish the rest of the journey over hills and valleys all covered with deep snow.

Sister Delphina has had to leave St. Ann's because of poor health. Another nun



was sent up from Ferdinand, Ind. to take her place. The life of a missionary is rigorous, and requires robust health; yet, when volunteers are called for, many more offer their services than can be spared, for all are filled with the Christ-like spirit of self-sacrifice, and covet the hundred-fold that He promised.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Shoes! Shoes! is still the cry at Marty. So many busy little feet to be shod, so many pairs of shoes wearing out daily, so many busy Indian boy shoerepairers busy with their awls and hammers and soling and heeling appartus! Yet, the shoes wear out faster than they come in. They are repaired until they cannot be repaired any more. Send in any old shoes lying idle in your closet; if they are worn through, the boys and their able teacher will put new soles on them and make them wearable for the boys and girls at the school. The potato crop this year has been very poor; only forty bushels were obtained from sixteen acres. A carload of coal has come in too, and the men and large Indian boys are hauling it in from the depot. The Russian thistles in the fields have been stacked up for use as hay for the cattle. A carload of corn and a car of mixed feed have been purchased too for them, so that the Mission may have milk and meat for the children, but they are costly items.

Father Ambrose is now located at this Mission; he is quite well acquainted with the people and children here, from years past, and feels quite at home with them. Some of the children's grandparents went to school at Stephan when Father Ambrose was a young missionary there. Father Benedict, former editor of the Grail, visited this Mission on Sept. 19, on his way to Woonsocket, S. Dak., where he celebrated his first Mass. Woonsocket is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year.

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Edward Berheide, O. S. B., Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B., and Rev. Timothy Sexton, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight vis Fort Totten, N. D. Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B., and Rev. Frank Hulsman. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight vis Rolla, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight vis Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Daniel Madlon, O. S. B., Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight vis Ravinia, S. D.

IMMACULATE CONCEP-TION MISSION

Here, too, the Russian thistles, or tumbleweeds, as they are called, have been gathered, cut up and put into the silo for cattle feed. The potatoes that have been this just planted year,

(Turn to page 254)

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The Home Circle

The Stars of Bethlehem

When one approaches Bethlehem, coming down through the Vale of Hinnom, past the pathetic tree where Judas hanged himself, Rachel's Tomb and the Well of the Magi, as the megaphone of the tourist cars announces, the town itself seems elevated just a little above the earth—due, no doubt to some mirage effect. At night, the stars seem strangely close to earth, especially on the plains surrounding the town, and shepherds still remain up at night, watching their flocks, as of old. One would think that at this stage of civilization, the hyenas and jackals would be exterminated, but the untamed wildness of this long-settled region is a matter of unfailing surprise to visitors. Two shepherds must always remain on guard while the others sleep, and they set their watches by the course of a chosen star.

Stars seem to play an important part in one's impression of Palestine, and the fact that but little has changed in those nineteen hundred years since the shepherds first heard the song of the angels at night while watching their flocks, seems as it should be, bringing us very close to that Night of Our Saviour's Birth. All the winding narrow streets and lanes eventually end up at the Church of the Nativity, the oldest church left in Christendom, having built by Constantine in A. D. 327. The present door of the fame is very low, so that taller pilgrims must bow the head on entering. In the crypt, a star set into the pavement, marks the exact spot where the Nativity occurred, and during Christmas week, young mothers of the town bring swaddled infants to lay in the marble manger.

Like a refreshing breath of the childhood days when our Bible histories, were first studied, we find that the grain is still reaped by hand, and winnowed with the wind. What is lost is not gathered by the owners, but left to be picked up by those who own no fields, just as in Ruth's day. In the minds of Judea's people, of what use are labor-saving devices? What can be saved but time, and to what better use can time be put, than to labor?

The Syrian Farmer

Palestine today is still as primitive as it was in the days of our Lord. The peasant builds his house of mud—mud walls and roof, and cooks his meals out of doors over a fire made of sticks placed between two stones. When the meal is ready, it is set in a great bowl in the center of the floor, and round the bowl are ranged cakes of bread. The family wash their hands and then squat around the bowl, each person reaching into it with his right hand and scooping up a handful of wheat, rice or whatever grain has been cooked, and whipping it into his mouth. Sometimes, (not very often), pieces of meat are mingled with the grain, and there are no knives or forks with which to eat it. The

Conducted by Clare Hampton

liquid or gravy is soaked up by dipping the bread into it.

Those of us who lived in the drouth sections this summer can appreciate the climate of Palestine, which goes six months without rain every year. In the Spring all the brooks and rivers are filled with water, but, as the summer advances, and daily a fierce sun beats down, with not the smallest cloud to relieve its scorching heat, everything gradually dries up, and when the farmer's well or cistern fails, he must drive his thirsty cattle abroad in search of a water-hole where they may drink. The hill-side paths are strewn with the bones of animals who die from thirst yearly, unable to find water anywhere. Great stones are rolled over the wells, in order to protect their precious contents.

The "simoom" or "sirocco" is not unlike the duststorms we have experienced this year; it often comes at the end of summer, and blows from the desert, intensely hot, and carrying with it tiny dust and sand particles. The atmosphere becomes thick and gloomy, and man and beast cower in shelter, waiting for it to blow over. Not until October do they obtain any relief; then, when the clouds gather, the farmer repairs the cracks in his mud roof, and cleans out his cistern and the runways which lead to it, so that all will be in readiness for the heavy downpours which come. Everyone waits with longing for the first large drops which fall, promising cooler weather and blessed moisture.

Spending Christmas Day

Christmas Day is essentially a home day and family day, and the children, of course, figure in it most prominently. It should be a day of unalloyed happiness, in which kindness of heart, cheer, and general good will characterizes everyone in the family, in which old grudges should generously be forgotten, and old feuds called off forever. But while the heart should swell with generosity and kindness, yet the sacredness of the Birthday of Christ would be sadly marred if used as an excuse for frantic reveling or harmful indulgence. Catholic parents should set the sample of moderation in their own family, and frown upon all such undignified reveling in general, so that if they have grown sons and daughters, these may not be tempted to silly excess if thrown into such occasions at the homes of their friends, or at any of the places frequented by the youth of today, such as hotel dining rooms, clubs, or resaurants where intoxicants are

Rather than permit her children to spend Christmas elsewhere, the mother should throw open her own home, so that they may bring their friends, and dance, sing and play their games amid wholesome surroundings. Youngfolk usually are not particular about where they go, as long as they have a good time, and it is up to the mother of the home to see that they do. What matter if the house is slightly upset, chairs awry, a few

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cigarette ashes on the floor, crumbs on the upholstered furniture? A short session with the vacuum cleaner the next morning will soon remove all evidence of the fun that was had; surely the adolescent souls of youth are more valuable than a few pieces of furniture and a rug or two?

The smaller children should be allowed to assist in all the preparations for the great feast. A tree and a Crib should, if at all possible, be included in the decorations, even if ony a small one can be had. The happy Christmasse spent in childhood will remain indelibly imprinted as life's brightest memories, in the mind of the adult.

Eucharistica

As Christmas is the birthday of our Lord, what better gift or greater pleasure could we give Him, than to spend the greater part of the day in His presence? Most of us hear three Masses on that day; one of them, doubtless, will be a Solemn High Mass. There are those, however, who have no duties detaining them at home, and these might come to the second Solemn High Mass later in the morning. Then, Holy Communion; in most parishes, practically the entire congregation receives on Christmas morning. Sad indeed, is the sight of perhaps one or two worshippers, who, having spent part of the night at a party or dance, do not approach the Holy Table! There is no excuse for such behavior; those who must work late on Christmas Eve, will find the pastor more than willing to hear their confessions on Christmas morning, but no one who has plenty of time the afternoon before, should impose on him on Christmas Day.

Most churches have Benediction on the afternoon of Christmas Day. Although on other Sundays Benediction is, as a rule, but poorly attended, we ought, on this day of days, make an effort to attend. But, best of all, we ought to make a preparation for this great Feast all through Advent. Many go to Mass every day during Lent, but think Advent is not so important. The word Advent itself means a preparation for Christ's coming. Those who love Him will think of His birthday with joy, and long to do something for Him.

By assisting at daily Mass, we are giving to God the greatest honor possible; it has been revealed to a number of saints, that not all the prayers, fastings and almsdeeds we can do, have as much value in the eyes of God as Holy Mass heard with devotion. Our Lord made many revelations to St. Gertrude, and it is from her that we learn many things about the great value of the Mass and of Holy Communion. It is so easy for some of us; such a little thing, to spend half an hour in church every morning—and yet its value is price-less!

Christmas Games

When the house is full of company on Christmas night, and the supper has been eaten, and all the Christmas songs sung, someone suggests, "Let's play games." Very well, but what kind? Here are some suggestions:

A COMPOSITE CHRISTMAS STORY

The players are provided with paper and pencil; the

first one begins a Christmas story, writing one sentence, ending with a comma or period, just as he likes. The next person continues it, adding another sentence, then the third, and so on, around the circle. Then the story is read. The paper must be folded down so that the next person cannot see the last line written. The result will cause a gale of laughter.

A variation of the above game is, to write an "improbable" Christmas story, in which grotesque and impossible things are described.

CHRISTMAS GOSSIP

The first person whispers a sentence about Santa or Christmas into the next person's ear; that person whispers it to the next, and so on. The last person repeats what he has heard. The result is often far different from the first sentence, and usually ridiculous. No repetitions are allowed; if the person does not quite understand, he must say what he thinks he heard.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS STORY

Have small cards cut with names of articles, animals, insects, birds, etc., on each. One reads the story, as follows, and in the blanks, each gets a turn to read one name off one of his cards:

Santa brought me a for Christmas; I put him in a and fed him every day. He likes to drink and enjoys bathing in a If I give him a little, he chirps gratefully. I bought him a cage, made of a and a, and he hops about in glee, singing about The floor of his cage is sprinkled with, and the food holder holds some very choice Next year I will ask Santa to bring me a nice, gilt to hang his cage in, and a few pots of, which will twine up and form a nice little for him. Grandma gave me some in an aquarium for Christmas. She believes that pets teach us to be kind to; I polish it every day with, which makes it shine. There is also a in the aquarium; I feed him This makes him fat and strong. (More may be added, ad.

Household Hints

To quickly make French seams on the machine, use the next to smallest hemmer and insert both edges of the cloth.

If windows must be cleaned while the sun shines on them, the inevitable streaks left by the chamois may be removed by polishing with a clean white cloth.

Recipes

Uncooked Peppermint Candy: Stir the white of one egg, 2 teaspoons cold water, and 10 drops oil of peppermint into one pound powdered sugar. Sprinkle powdered sugar on pastry board and roll out the mixture. Cut with small sharp tin lid and let dry on greased paper. After about five hours, they may be dipped into chocolate if liked.

PEANUT NOUGAT: Place two cups granulated sugar in iron skillet and stir until melted and free from lumps. Pour into shallow buttered pan and sprinkle surface evenly with peanuts. Pecans or any other kind of nuts make a good variation.

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Our Abbey and Seminary

—October was a beautiful month with its delightful, balmy weather, and, except for a few days of cold wind at the beginning of the month, the first half of November was likewise pleasant. — As The Grail goes to press Thanksgiving is at hand and Christmas is only a few short weeks off.

—Band Day, October 21st, was a perfect day—almost summer. More than 600 meals were served. Bandmaster Father John, who was in charge of the event, was a very busy man. Naturally the success of the affair was most gratifying.

—On October 28 Father Stephen returned to us for a few days, but he had to go back to the hospital again for further examination and observation.

—While on his way to Cleveland for the blessing of Abbot Stanislaus, Abbot Columban of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana paid his confreres at St. Meinrad a call at the end of September.

—On the feast of Christ King the Most Rev. Ordinary of the diocese, Bishop Joseph E. Ritter, S. T. D., came to confer the tonsure and the minor orders of porter and lector on Messrs. Paul Gootee, Alvin Janicki, and Anthony Letko, while Mr. John Frawley received the orders of exorcist and acolyte. The orders of subdiaconate and diaconate were conferred upon the Rev. Mr. John Kraka. Moreover, four subdeacons, the Rev. Messrs. Albert Schmitt, Lawrence Fettig, Harold Ritter, and Theodore Janicki were likewise given the diaconate.

—In October the Hilger Sisters gave us another delightful concert. Their perfect rendition of classical music on violin, cello, and piano merited the hearty applause they received throughout the entertainment.

—Twelve of the boys who came in September to try out their vocation among the Junior Brothers were invested with the habit and scapular of the Secular Oblates of St. Benedict. Twelve others, who had been invested last year, made their oblation after Benediction that followed the Solemn High Mass on the feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order, November 13.

—Several interesting letters have come from Father Abbot who is still in Europe. He writes that he was privileged to celebrate the Pontifical High Mass and Vespers in the Einsiedeln Abbey church on October 14, the feast of the Translation of St. Meinrad. In the archives of that ancient abbey he saw documents that were more than five hundred years old when Columbus

first laid eyes on the western continent. He has also visited other ancient abbeys. In November he went to Rome. Early in December he plans to go to Solesmes Abbey and then to the Abbey of Maria Laach. At the time of writing he was unable to say just when we might expect him in our midst again.

—A Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered up on the morning of November 5th for our deceased benefactors, relatives, and confreres.

—Father Abbot Edward Burgert, O. S. B., of Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas, accompanied by Father Sprigler of Holy Trinity, Evansville, paid us a brief call early in November. Abbot Edward, who was conducting the Forty Hours Adoration at Holy Trinity, spent the past summer in Europe, making Einsiedeln, Switzerland, his headquarters. The Subiaco Abbey was founded partly by monks from Einsiedeln.

—This fall Father Subprior Placidus has conducted the devotion of the Forty Hours in various parishes of southern Indiana.

—The Southern Railway, which serves this territory, has taken off another train, (and consequently another mail), from the Louisville-Evansville division. Now there is only one train a day from Evansville to Louisville in the morning and one back in the evening.

—Our new state highway to Troy has been completed as far as Fulda. The road is surfaced with crushed limestone.

—Father William J. Murphy, College '23-'27, assistant at St. Augustine's Church for the colored at Louisville, Ky., has been elected chaplain of the Jefferson Post of the American Legion.

—The Very Rev. Joseph P. Morrison, College '11-'12, pastor of the Holy Name Cathedral at Chicago, has been made a Papal Chamberlain with the title of Very Rev. Monsignor. Father Prior represented the Abbey at the function held at the cathedral on November 11.

—On September 21, at the early Mass, Joseph Napoleon Gauthier received the Benedictine habit. Brother Novice Joseph hails from Willow City, N. D., just a few miles from the Canadian border. At the High Mass, Thomas Garrity, of Bowling Green, Ky., pronounced his triennial vows as Brother. He chose the name Benno, in honor of St. Benno, who together with St. Eberhard founded Einsiedeln Abbey, the mother house of St. Meinrad, a thousand years ago.

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Benedictine Notes

—The Rt. Rev. Dom Wulstan Knowles, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland, who came over recently to visit the priories of St. Gregory, at Portsmouth, R. I., and St. Anselm, at Washington, was accompanied by Dom Aidan O'Flynn and six American clerics who had finished their novitiate and course in philosophy at Fort Augustus. These clerics will be attached to the Portsmouth Priory.

—This fall St. Joseph's Abbey at St. Benedict, near Covington, La., reopened its school of theology for the clerics of that Abbey.

—Two Sisters of Mt. St. Scholastica Convent, Atchison, Kansas were recipients of the degree of doctor of philosophy this year. The two so honored were Sisters Helen Sullivan, O. S. B., majored in mathematics at the Catholic University, while Sister Mildred Knoebber, O. S. B., successfully completed her course in sociology at St. Louis University.

—Father Henry Courtney, O. S. B., of Atchison, Kansas, formerly professor at St. Benedict's College, but for some years past engaged in mission work, has now returned to the classroom as professor. He is also chaplain and spiritual director of the students. Father is also quite widely known as a Shakespearean scholar.

—Among the vacation schools taught by Benedictine Sisters in Colorado that of Alamosa had an attendance of 500 and that at Walsenburg had 510. At the close of the letter 172 children received their first Holy Communion while 80 of the former school were admitted to their First Communion. The Sisters of Atchison conducted 33 vacation schools in Colorado.

—Father Alcuin Heibel, O. S. B., likewise of Mt. Angel Abbey, pastor of the parish at Mt. Angel, had an unusual experience with two men who drove up at night in a truck in a crude attempt to kidnap him. A sick call was pretended. The pastor promised to follow in another car and did so taking three other men to accompany him. When they had gone a number of miles into the hills, the truck stopped. Upon being questioned, the would-be kidnappers admitted that the sick call was only a pretext, but they did not reveal their real purpose. The matter was reported and the license number of the truck was given to the state police, who found the truck driver. The latter finally admitted that he wanted to extort a thousand dollars from the priest.

—A few years ago St. Andrew's Abbey in Belgium founded a priory in the province of Sze-chwan, China. Dom Pius de Cocqueau, then prior of St. Andrew's, and Dom Jean Joliet, O. S. B., of Solesmes, were the pioneers of this project for the conversion of China. Dom Joliet, who was appointed the first prior of the new foundation, has according to report, resigned his office and gone into solitude in the mountains of Hopatch'ang. The Vicar Apostolic of the province has built a simple cabin for the solitary who wishes to

spend his days in prayer for the conversion of China.

—This province has had a vicar apostolic since 1696.

The Christians of the province number 170,000.

—In 1926 when Bishop Tocconi of Kaifeng, China, came to the United States for the International Eucharistic Congress, he visited various Abbeys in the hope of procuring a community of Benedictines for his diocese. His desire will now be realized, for St. Vincent's Archabbey is making a foundation there. Father Oswald Baker recently crossed the Pacific to join his confreres, Father Ildephonse Brandstetter, formerly prior of the Peking foundation, and Father Francis Cloughtery. The Fathers have charge of the Catholic middle school in Kaifeng, a city of 900,000 in the province of Honan.

—Some years ago the Abbey of St. André, Lophem, Belgium, founded a priory in the province of Szechwan, in the interior of China. To this priory there went quite recently a native Chinese, Dom Thaddeus M. Yong an Yuen, a convert to the faith and a monk of St. André, where he made his religious profession Oct. 5, 1928. Dom Thaddeus was accompanied by the Abbot of St. André, Dom Theodore Néve.

—The Rt. Rev. Dom Aelred Kindersley, O. S. B., Abbot of Belmont Abbey in the diocese of Cardiff, England, died Oct. 12, at the age of 74. The deceased prelate had been Abbot of Belmont since June, 1920.

-In the September number of The Grail we chronicled the elevation of St. Andrew's Priory at Cleveland to the rank of Abbey as well as the election of Father Stanislaus Gmuca, O. S. B., as first Abbot. The solemn abbatial benediction of this the first Slovak Benedictine Abbot in the United States took place on the feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, Oct. 2, in the Cathedral at Cleveland, with Bishop Schrembs, the ordinary of the diocese, officiating. Present at the solemn function were, moreover, Bishop McFadden, Auxiliary of Cleveland, Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh, O'Reilly, of Scranton, and Bernard Kevenhoerster, O. S. B., of the Bahamas, besides ten abbots, a large assembly of clergy, and a great throng of people. Abbots Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., of St. John's, Minnesota, and Martin Veth, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's, Kansas, were assistants to the Abbotelect during the ceremonies. Two sermons were preached on the occasion: one in the Slovak tongue by Father Nartron, of Johnstown, Pa., who had baptized Abbot Stanislaus, and the other in English by the Rt. Rev. Alfred Koch, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania.

—One year ago a Belgian Benedictine and three Portuguese Monks set out for Moxico in Angola, West Africa. They were welcomed both by the Catholics and the governor who gave them a dwelling and land on which to build a monastery. Despite the difficulties of the new foundation they recite the Divine Office in choir, for they look upon it as their first duty and they expect from it the success of their apostolate. At the request of the governor they had opened another Mission. For this Mission too the governor has given them a house.

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Shobab the Shepherd

(Continued from page 239)

thy servant, the power that I may restore the sight of this man who hath asked only for that better part—thy peace, to the end that he may evermore serve thee faithfully to the glory of the Father. Amen."

Then, with a deep cry, Shobab flung his arms before his face and fell prostrate upon the earth, for the light that fell upon his darkness was like unto that which shone upon the Judean hills the night the angels sang.

After a long time, the which he greatly feared to lift his head in the flood of golden glory, he rose, his hands still before his eyes, and heard the gentle voice of the one whom they called John.

"Uncover thy face, my brother. Fear not! The light abides."

Then Shobab uncovered his eyes and looked into the face of the man, John, wherein he seemed to see a strange likeness unto the face of the Master Himself. And turning, he looked also at Peter; then at each of the other disciples, and in the face of each, he saw the look of the master. But that was all, for the Master Himself he did not see.

And, grieving at His absence, he turned to Peter.

"I pray thee, now that I have my sight, tell me where I may find the Master, since having no purse, it is but meet that I should offer myself unto Him for service and give Him thanks."

Now when the disciples heard this, they all, save Peter and John, turned their faces to the east. But Peter, leaning heavily upon his staff, told Shobab things which first wrung his heart within him, but later touched its cords into a solemn song of joy. He told of the Master's crucifixion on a lonely hill beyond the City walls; of His resurrection; His return among men; His glorious ascension, and His promise to be with them always, even unto the end of the world.

Then Shobab praised God in the fullness of his heart and walked willingly with them upon the way, in the company of him whom they called Peter.

And Peter, noticing that Shobab's footsteps lagged, and that he no longer had his stick,

pressed his staff into his hands, saying,

"Take the staff, for thou art weary from thy years of wandering and our way is steep and long. Of a truth, the staff is not mine to give thee, for it is but a loan to me to pass on to any other who, following the Master, may need it more than I. In time, thou too must pass it on to one more greatly needing it."

Now when Shobab had taken the staff into his hands, they trembled exceedingly, and he stopped on the road that he might the better examine the ancient carving.

Peter also stopped.

"Shobab, my brother, what troubles thee?"

"Peter, who gave thee this staff?"

"Mary, the Mother of the Master, the evening of the day they laid Him in the tomb. Joseph, the Patriarch hath used it many days, from Egypt even unto Galilee. Mary gave it into my keeping for that I am the oldest of the Twelve who followed the Master."

The eyes of Shobab waxed wide as he stroked the staff, and his voice shook with eagerness.

"And how came this Joseph by the crook? It is of ancient workmanship."

"That, my brother," said Peter smiling, "is a long story.

"Now when the Lord Jesus was born, a babe, in the manger in Bethlehem, the shepherds, obeying the voice of the angel who spake unto them as they tended their flocks on the hillside, came down into the village to see the new-born King, and doubtless one left his crook in the kahn.

"So, when Joseph, the Babe and His Mother left the inn to journey north to their home in Nazareth, the innkeeper gave the crook to Joseph for a staff, for as yet none had come to claim it, and Joseph was no longer young."

Then said Shobab,

"Oh, Peter, the crook is mine, being my heritage from our fathers since the days of the bondage in Babylon. My elder brother, Reuben, being rich in lands and sheep, gave it to me when I was but twelve in years, at the Feast of the Trumpets, the first day of Tisri, in the City of Jerusalem. I was keeping watch over his sheep on the hillside when the angel spake and the great light shone; but being the youngest, they bade me stay with the sheep while they hastened on unto Bethlehem.

"And lo, when I looked for my crook, which

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I had dropped and forgotten in the wonder of the glory that came upon us, it was no longer there, but only Nathan's. And Nathan, being the oldest of the shepherds, in his eagerness to make haste with the others, had unknowing taken my crook instead of his own, and I wept, fearing greatly lest he forget to bring it with him out of Bethlehem.

"And when the shepherds returned to the pasture, in Nathan's hands there was no crook.

"Now, much as I feared the wrath of Reuben, my brother, yet I went first unto Jerusalem that I might tell him how it came to pass that I had lost the crook of our fathers. And from thence, fleeing before the red torrent of his anger, I went unto Bethlehem to seek it. But when I had come into the village, lo, the innkeeper had gone unto Jerusalem to make a sojourn there. And there was at the inn none to tell me of the crook.

"So, from the evening of that day, I became a wanderer from the house of our fathers, a great sinner, a blinded filthy beggar, unfit to lay my hands upon the crook.

"Therefore, I being so newly returned unto righteousness, pray thee, Peter, to keep the crook which has been so greatly blessed in the household of the Master, until another come who is more sadly in need of it than I. My weariness is but of the moment. Also, thou art older in years than I.

"I ask only that I may travel with thee in the way to serve the Master."

Thus saying, Shobab stretched forth the crook to Peter.

But Peter answering, said,

"Not so, my brother. The crook is thine, the heritage of thy fathers from generation to generation. Any stout staff will fit the roughened hands of Peter. Therefore, keep thy crook, a symbol of thy service, for from this hour forth, thou shalt be the King's shepherd—of men."

Philosophy

(Continued from page 232)

than the man in the auto. Like the airman, so the philosopher has a broader view of everything. The scientist may fail to understand the viewpoint of the philosopher.

In explaining the differences between philoso-

phy and the other natural sciences we have already arrived at some idea of philosophy. A few characteristics of philosophy are added here.

In philosophy it is of prime importance that well established principles are applied. For instance, it is a well established principle that every effect has a cause. Hence any doctrine that presents an effect without a cause is immediately condemned by the philosopher.

Philosophy is not limited to any particular kind of things. It considers all things—the most sublime to the most insignificant—and gives the last reason for things. This is frequently difficult, and so it may happen that explanations or reasons are given that are no reasons. This would be false philosophy which leads to error. If several philosophers say contrary things about the same thing, surely not all are right. If, for instance, one says that the soul is immortal and another one says that the soul is not immortal both cannot be right. One of them has not discovered the true nature of the soul.

There is a great deal of false philosophy taught today and this has always been the case. Why is this? It is because men conclude either falsely from true principles or they conclude logically from false principles. In the first case they do not reason correctly; in the second case they reason correctly but do not investigate whether their principles are correct. For instance, they will say the soul is not immortal because it is a material thing. The principle is wrong, for the soul is not a material thing.

What must we do in order to stay with the truth? We must see to it that our principles are always correct in themselves and correctly applied. We begin with truths that are evident and proceed to truths that are not so evident. In this process we may make use of extrinsic help. The student has a teacher. The student will not affirm anything against the superior knowledge of his teacher. The Catholic philosopher has as his best teacher the Catholic Church. Never will the Catholic philosopher affirm any doctrine as true which he knows the Church does not accept as true. They who do not have this extrinsic help, may be easily deceived in the process of going from the simple to the more difficult.

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Children's Corner

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Sister Mary Alice sat fingering the letter in her hand and a merry smile played about her mouth. It all seemd so near—but fifteen years had passed since that bright May day.

Fifteen years ago Sister Mary Alice had been an energetic young teacher but now she was an invalid due to a fall which had happened just a few years back. However, even from her little wheel chair she spread God's love and happiness to all around. She was always happy, but the letter in her lap seemed to have a more than cheery effect on her. It carried her back in memory to a bright May day fifteen years ago. The birds were singing and flowers blooming. Through the open windows in the little

school house came the sound of childish laughter. Sister Mary Alice had just received an amusing answer from one of her firstgraders and everybody had had a good laugh.

Sister had quieted the children when somebody knocked at the door. When she answered the knock she was surprised to see the Pastor, Father Smith. He seldom visited the little room so

she had reasons to be surprised. Were the children too noisy or had the boys had another friendly fist fight? The latter was a common occurrence. But no; it wasn't that for he asked: "Sister, how does Jack O'Hara manage to get out of the classroom everyday at the same time?"

Now she was truly surprised for Jack was a good child. She had taught him four years now and she had no cause to complain about him. Of course he was a true boy, but what had he done to cause Father Smith to come to her? As these thoughts ran through her mind she answered the priest in her quiet, undisturbed manner.

"Why, Father, he asks permission to get a drink and as he is a good boy, I always give him

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict, Ferdinand, Indiana

permission. Has he been up to some mischief? I am sorry if he has caused you any trouble."

The pastor smiled in his usual way and said, "Well, Sister, he hasn't exactly disturbed me, but today as I was passing the Church I heard somebody singing. I went in to see who it might be and to my great surprise there was Jack O'Hara sitting on the altar rail with knees propped up, singing every song he knew—Yankee Doodle, In the Good Old Summer Time, Boy Blue and others. After singing these he jumped off the rail and began turning somer-saults."

Sister Mary Alice smiled, inwardly feeling proud of this little blue-eyed boy. She told Father she would tell Jack to make his visits in

a more quiet manner. The priest then said he must hurry because Mrs. Jones was waiting for him to give her instructions. He walked away chuckling to himself.

That evening Sister Mary Alice spoke to Jack. Did she scold him? Oh, no. You see she had told her children that Jesus is lonely and that they should visit Him and talk to Him during the day as they

would to their best friend. And this is what Jack had been doing. Sister told him that he should talk to Jesus in a quiet manner, because He had good ears and that he should visit Jesus at noon or at recess and not during school time. Sister watched Jack as he left the school and to her great delight he entered the Church to talk to Him Friend. She felt that Jack was called to a higher life.

The letter in her lap told her that she had been right in her thoughts about Jack. It was from him, now, Father Jerome—telling her that he would celebrate his First Mass on May 18 and on June 1 he would start for China, the dreamland of his heart. The merry smile that played around Sister's face did not vanish as

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she thought that perhaps Jack was called to still great things—Martyrdom.

A Christmas Story

It was Christmas Eve. The whistling of the wind in the chimney and the dizzy whirl of snowflakes against the window pane were reminders of a fierce snowstorm raging outside the little frame cottage in which Joseph Sanders lived. Inside the cozy room, seated in front of the fireplace, this twelve-year old boy was not concerned about the weather outside, unless it was to vision a legion of rides on the sleigh he was hoping to receive. He had been told to remain in the room until his parents called him, and he was busy thinking about the many presents he was sure to find stacked around the big Christmas tree.

Lying at the boy's feet was his big collie, Rex. The light of the fire made the dog's reddish-yellow coat appear a shimmering mass of gold. Perhaps it was this that led "Joe" to say, "Rex, what would you do with a five-dollar gold piece? I wonder old boy!"

Hearing his name spoken by his master, the dog raised his big, dark eyes in such a friendly way that to the boy he seemed to answer, "For kindness!" "Joe" at any rate decided that he would use the money for kindness to himself, musing, half aloud, "Why that's why Grandma gave it to me,—to have a good time!"

Suddenly a loud knock was heard at the door leading into the room in which Joseph and Rex were. There followed the pleading voice of a child, crying, "Oh, please, please, let me in!"

Fearless as he always was, Joseph opened the door and found on the porch a boy somewhat younger than himself. Joseph helped him into the room and to the fireplace. His thin, tattered clothes and almost frozen hands showed that he was greatly suffering. After the boy had gotten over his fright, he told Joseph he was looking for wood for the stove, but became blinded by the snow and lost his way. The two boys talked together for some time, then Joseph asked, "Say, what would you do with a five-dollar gold piece?"

"A five-dollar gold piece? All my own?" The little boy's eyes opened wide in wonder. "Whew! I guess I'd buy some gloves to keep my hands warm when I carry papers,—and Mom could get some shoes—maybe even a sweater or

shawl; and I'd use the rest for somethin' to eat."

"Are you really that poor?" asked Joseph, who had never known what it was to want the necessities of life.

"Aw, we get along some way. Pop's been dead three years and Mom can't take in washing since she hurt her hand so bad, so I make out on my paper route. Mom always said God never forgets us at Christmas, but, gee, He sure must have this year."

Joseph's hand went into that pocket where the precious money lay. No, he couldn't give him that. Tomorrow he'd send him some nice Christmas presents. He wouldn't dare interfere with his parents' preparations now.

"Well, guess I'd better begoin'. Mom'll be half scared to death because I'm so late." And he started to open the door.

For some reason, however, Rex jumped up and stood at the door as though he wanted to prevent the visitor from leaving. His big bushy tail wagged to and fro and he looked up at the poor boy so kindly.

It was, after all, Christmas Eve! Years ago on that night two dumb animals had kept watch at the Crib of Jesus while so many people slept. And now, remembering how Sister had often told the class that story, Joseph couldn't refuse. He took out the gold piece and placed it in the hands of the astonished boy. "Gee, I don't know how to thank you!" muttered the happy boy as he started out the door. "Oh, won't Mom be happy!"

And Joseph said, "God didn't forget you!"
Soon Joseph was called in to the Christmas
tree. He was very happy, and after he had told
his parents of the strange visit and how he
helped the boy, he added, with a big, boyish
smile, "Say, it sure is more fun to give than
to get!"

TO MARY FROM A LITTLE GIRL

CE

You were alone, sweet Lady, I have mother, father, too; Would you think me presumptuous To say: "Merry Christmas to you?"

Little Child of Bethlehem, Thou are sweet we know. Little Child of Bethlehem, Make us sweet also.

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Father Abbot in Europe

(From a letter to his brethren)

The majestic Bremen stopped gracefully near the Cherbourg port. A small vessel came and leaned against the stout old ocean liner whilst those of us that wanted to go to Cherbourg were transferred, bag and baggage, to the little boat. After we had pulled off some distance we could get a better view of our Bremen from the outside. It surely is big.

Up the gangway to the customs house. About all that the officials seemed to be interested in was cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. One officer singled me out and kindly gave me prompt attention so I could go by taxi to the depot in Cherbourg at about 8:45 A. M. First I got some French francs at the customs house. Once the passengers were scattered about it was a matter of "every man for himself." And then you had your choice between speaking French or keeping silent, unless you wanted to speak English just to hear yourself talk. Well, it surely was interesting to hear the flow of French conversation all round you. Even the little children could speak it. I listened to them with admiration.

With a little difficulty I bought a second class ticket to Lisieux. Then, while waiting for traintime to come, I visited a neighborhood church. It happened to be full of people at prayer. A priest in the pulpit alternated with the congregation in reciting prayers. It was all beyond me, except that I noticed that the people were saying these prayers by heart. There was such a variety and such a length that I drew the conclusion that the French could still pray well. When I got back to the depot persons began to come and kept on coming till we had a crowded waiting room, where for a time I sat all alone. One sweet little three-year-old girl seemed to be everyone's friend. So many persons kissed her good-bye that she was practically jostled to and fro. I felt sorry for her. One elderly lady was going off on a trip. Whilst she was waiting for the train a boy came in-her grandson most likely-walked up to her and kissed her; first on the left cheek, then on the right cheek, then on the mouth. It all went with a smoothness that convinced me that both knew their rubrics.

Promptly at 11:05 the train for Lisieux pulled out. It made me feel glad to think I was going to the home of the Little Flower. In the meantime I could observe French people and customs and trains. The folks in France seem to be very polite and considerate towards one another. There is a delicacy of attention for others and a close observance of the rules of propriety that is sadly lacking amongst so many of us Americans. On the surface there seems to be no real depression in France. People seem to live well. Yet, I am assured that they are headed for inflation and that means hard times are already at hand. The Europeans seem to be able to stand hard times better than Americans. They are willing to work and know how to make much out

of a little. For example, they use every foot of available ground for productive purposes. Hills that we would leave idle, they know how to use. They use one piece of ground for two crops. Thus they plant turnips or other vegetables in the orchards between and under the trees.

It is needless to tell you that the French like wine. In the dining car the waiter offered me the wine list along with menu. I motioned that I did not care for wine. He evidently thought that there was a mistake, so after a brief space he offered me the wine list again. I was the only one in the dining car that did not order a bottle of wine with my dinner. A husky man opposite me emptied a bottle of mineral water, then a bottle of wine and topped it off with some good liqueur in black coffee.

After dinner we passed through towns that were visited by St. Therese and mentioned in her biography. The train was scheduled to arrive at Lisieux at 14:08, and it did. European trains have a habit of punctuality. Custom here is growing toward the elimination of the expressions A. M. and P. M. in talking about time. Instead of saying 2:08 P. M., they simply say 14:08. I haven't yet heard any stations called. You just know your schedule and watch the time and get up and leave the train accordingly. So we got out at Lisieux at 14:08. It was just starting to rain. Hurriedly I got into a hotel bus with my two suit cases and overcoat. On the bus was the information that at the "Hotel Normandie" English was spoken. I thought that would come in handy. Then, too, that name "Normandie" sounded right good.

What a quaint little town. Cobble stone streets, narrow streets, clean streets. Three in one, nearly always. The lady clerk in the little office at "Hotel Normandie" spoke English very well. She was kind enough to inform me that if I went to the Carmel at once, I could still get there before four o'clock, the hour at which they close the display room of relics. She gave me an umbrella and pointed out the way with the remark that it was only a four minute walk to the Carmel. Immediately I went. It felt good to enter Carmel Chapel. A good many persons were there. Off to the Epistle side, towards the rear is the handsome sarcophagus with the relics of the Little Flower below and the wax likeness of the Saint in a lying posture, turned slightly to the side. You have all seen the picture of this. thought and prayed for some time, then hurried to the room beside the chapel to see those other relics. They were the following: The long beautiful golden curls of the Little Flower, cut off when she received the habit; her First Communion dress; the fine white bridal dress worn when she entered Carmel to receive the habit; her Carmel habit and mantle; the sandals she wore; a small desk and palette she used for paints and painting; a picture that she painted; some flowers and ail-

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wheat used as a bouquet in her room before her death. The Father who explained all these things was an Alsatian. I told him I should like to meet Sister Anna. The lady at the hotel had told me that Sister Anna could speak English. He told me at what door to knock. After quite a bit of knocking an Extern came to the door, and she called Sister Anna. I really had intended to tell her that I should like to speak with Mother Agnes, the sister of St. Therese, but while waiting for Sister Anna I read the sign right in front of me. It told visitors that the Sisters would gladly pray for any intentions submitted in writing, but the visitors were kindly asked not to ask to see the Sisters. They were assured that the Little Flower would reward this sacrifice on their part that would permit the Sisters to live their life without outside communication. After telling Sister Anna that I wanted to say Mass in the chapel next morning, and that I should appreciate having the Sisters to pray for my intentions, I also told her that much as I should like to meet Mother Agnes I would not dare to bother her, but would very much appreciate some little remembrance from her bearing her signature on it. It was arranged that I say Mass at the altar nearest the Shrine of St. Therese. After thanksgiving I went back to the Carmel Convent entrance to see what Mother Agnes would have for me. She sent a relic of her dear Sister with authentication and a pack of pictures. On one picture she wrote in French: "I pray my saintly little Sister to grant all your holy wishes." Signed: "Mother Agnes."

After the first visit to the Carmel Thursday afternoon, I went to the former home of the Little Flower. It is a handsome two story house, but, strange to say, it is approached by a little narrow way, too small almost to be called an alley. A new kind of religious, "Oblates of St. Therese," has lately been developed and approved. They are in charge of this house and show it to visitors. A very kind Oblate Sister who knew about as much English as I know French, showed me around. I certainly should not want you to hear any Victrola records of our conversation. It was a peculiar mixture of French and English. In fact, you could not put it all on a Victrola record, for it would take movies also. There were gestures, as a matter of real necessity.

Here is what I saw in the home of the little Flower: Her own room. An altar stands where the bed used to be. Her father's room. The sitting room with the hearth, where on Christmas eve she used to put her shoes to be filled with gifts, as was the custom. The little altar or shrine she made and before which she prayed. In the yard there are still some of the very same trees and vines that were there in her time. The spot is marked where she told her father about her vocation to Carmel. The shed is there beside which she saw her father in mystic vision with his head covered with a black veil, etc., etc.

The next day, Friday, I called at the Benedictine Convent and met Sister Leon, age 74, a former teacher of the Little Flower. Mother Mechtilde, the Superioress, and an English speaking Sister were also present. They have the school that was attended by

St. Therese. When I told these good Benedictine Sisters about my going to visit Einsiedeln for the millennium there, they told me that they celebrated their millennium a number of years ago. William the Conqueror established their convent. About 120 years ago the government confiscated the convent, the school, and their church. Eventually the Sisters bought back the convent. But the church is a parish church and the big school is used for other purposes.

Perhaps you have heard that a national shrine is being built to commemorate the Little Flower. The basement of this vast basilica is completed. It is most beautiful. The entire ceiling is in mosaic. To the rear of the basilica is a monumental Way of the Cross in stone. This shrine is on an elevation that commands a view of the whole town.

If ever anyone tells you that contemplatives are of no use in this practical world of ours you can refute the statement easily. If there is any city or town in all the world that is devoid of depression ills, it is Lisieux. The contemplative, St. Therese, is responsible for this. The whole town seems to be hers. Railroads and busses are benefitted by her. Hotel and restaurants do a thriving business. There are hundreds of stores and booths selling souvenirs. Everybody in Lisieux is drawing benefit from this contemplative. The buildings and streets bear signs with her name. Markers lead to her monuments. The whole town is hers. As I stood on top of the hill whereon the national shrine is being built, and looked over the whole of Lisieux, there came to me this thought: "How little did she think, when as a little girl or a Carmelite Nun she lived here, that one day she would attract the attention of everyone in this place, yes, the attention of the entire world." She did this simply by becoming a Saint. "Nimis honorati sunt amici tui Deus."

At 14:08 on Friday, I left Lisieux regretfully to go to Paris. At 17:05 the train arrived in the capital of France. The evening traffic was heavy; it vied with the rush of Chicago. I did not care to visit in Paris, so merely waited to catch a midnight train to Treves. In one of the Paris show windows I saw the Ford V8. The price is double that in America. It costs money to have a car in Europe. They use mostly American or English gas. You see filling stations with "Standard," "Shell," "Mobiloil," "Essolube," and other familiar names. In the Normandie newspaper I saw in one paper three Ford ads, one of them a quarter page ad. But, let's go on to Treves. We change trains at Luxembourg.

I made a few inquiries and learned that the nation's population of 300,000 is comparatively in better circumstances than any of the surrounding countries. Luxembourg still has an army. The total number of soldiers is 220. Of these 30 are officers. This army is kept on hand not so much for war; but just for show. They have to have some persons who can put on a parade now and then for special occasions.

On entering Germany you have to declare the amount of money you have with you. On October 1, a law was made forbidding anyone to take out of Germany more than 10 marks of German money. Foreigners can take with them money that they brought in, provided they declared it on entering the country. But it does not pay to change too much money into German marks, lest you have more than ten marks when you leave.

Broadcasts from Our Missions

(Continued from page 243)

aren't. The entire supply must be bought. The Indian children consume four and one-half bushels per day, so a great many must be purchased. They must be hauled two hundred miles. Think of it! And each bushel costs 60¢. Who will send 60¢ to Father Justin for one bushel of potatoes? The potatoes must be paid for next month, and will cost \$500. Father does not know where he will get the money, but the children must eat, and there are 230 of them. One hundred are from Sisseton Reservation, one hundred from the Stephan Reservation, and thirty from Cheyenne and Standing Rock. All, all must be fed. They come in September, underweight, undernourished, and the school feeds them and gives them milk to drink. Each week their weight is taken, and they are given balanced rations. In a few months they are back to normal, but it is a heart-rending job, with so little money on hand!

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Buy now for Christmas: Two embroidered cushion tops, 50¢ and 35¢; two emb. scarfs, \$1.00 each; two emb. tea aprons, 75¢ each; two beaded bags, \$1.00 each; beaded Indian rings, 10¢; beaded cap, 50¢; child's small beaded purse, 25¢; black perfumed rose beads, 50¢; woven necklaces, 50¢; black and rhinestone necklace, 50¢. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Books Received

The following are from Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass. "The Magdalene," by J. Arthur Henderson, is a long poem based on a supposed connection between Magdalene and Pilate. The rhyme is forced and the rhythm faulty. The rest of the poems in the book are unrelated, and are of little poetic value. \$1.00.

"Blackwater River," by Rev. A. M. Grussi, is an interesting historical novel concerning the Powhatan Indian tribes. An error is made in speaking of only thirteen Epistles of St. Paul. Price, \$2.00.

"Jess Edwards Rides Again," by Alice Ward Smith, is a fine story of the negro in slave days struggling for freedom. Price \$2.00.

From Benziger Bros. comes "Tim," by Rev. James F. McElhone, C. S. C. It is a story for boys, one which every boy should read—delightful, interesting from start to finish. Price \$1.25.

"Secret of the Dark House," by Frances Y. Young, a very absorbing mystery story for girls, reflects the charm of home life and a modern girl's turn of mind. Published by Cupples and Leon Co., New York.

In the Christmas card line, the Salvatorian Fathers of St. Nazianz, Wisconsin are taking a fine step in publishing a set of twelve cards which are very beautiful, varied, and reflect the spirit of Christmas in a really religious way. An added feature are the artistic individualizing stickers for each card. Price, \$1.00 for the dozen.

Pamphlets by Father Daniel A. Lord, S. J., Queen's Work, St. Louis: "Christ and His Church," "Tis Christmas in Your Heart."

"God and His Infinite Perfections." By the Abbe Demurger translated by the Rev. J. W. Kennedy.

The thoughtlessness of modern thought will experience a much needed application of the brakes when it takes up this volume. The book was not made for a single cursory reading. One of its purposes is to encourage thought, serious thought. It is an answer to a real need, for, without insulting his intelligence, it places within the grasp of the uninitiated beauties of dogmatic truths hitherto hidden under the veil of technical terms. Essential truths of our Catholic Faith undergo a vitalizing treatment in the hands of an expert. They are developed along theologically conventional lines, yet with a sane simplicity that exerts a strong appeal. For the initiated, the work furnishes a review of dogma with the cut and dried style of the text-book conspicuous for its absence. It possesses "an appeal to the heart as well as to the intelect."

Price \$2.75. Benziger Brothers. R. M.

Our Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3992.22. M. M., Ill., \$1; Mrs. M. P., N. Y., \$5. Total: \$3998.22.

St. Joseph Scholarship. Previously acknowledged: \$3645.90, Total: \$3645.90.

St. Benedict Scholarship. Previously acknowledged: \$3579.21. Total: \$3579.21.

St. Anthony Scholarship. Previously acknowledged: \$3242.79. Miss F. S., Cal., \$3.50. Total: \$3246.29.

Grail Building Fund

California: Mrs. M. D., 25¢; Indiana: P. M., \$4; Michigan: Mr. & Mrs. S. G., \$1.

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